

A TREASURY OF
CAROLINE LYRICS

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

A TREASURY OF ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

Edited by AMY BARTER (AMY CRUSE)

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A TREASURY OF CAROLINE LYRICS

Selected by

AMY CRUSE

AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETHAN LYRISTS
& THEIR POETRY" "A TREASURY
OF ELIZABETHAN LYRICS"
"ENGLISH LITERATURE
THROUGH THE
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ETC.



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PREFACE

THIS book aims at giving a representative selection of Caroline lyric poetry, in its strength and in its weakness. It includes lyrics by all the great and by some of the minor poets of the period; most of them have been chosen for their excellence, a few because they illustrate with special clearness the characteristics of the poetry of the age.

The text has been taken from original or early editions, with some emendations. In several of the longer poems one or more stanzas have been omitted.

A. C.



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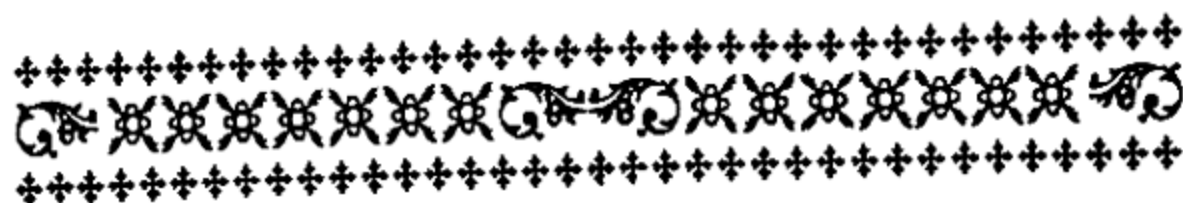
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THE CAROLINE LYRISTS

WHEN Shakespeare died in 1616 the day of the Elizabethan lyrists was drawing to a close. True, some of the Elizabethans still survived and were still producing beautiful and characteristic songs, but these were dwindling year by year. A new generation was growing up, and a new literature preparing. The tone and temper of the nation had changed, and the Elizabethan lyric was no longer its true and natural mode of expression. The tremendous stirring of the spirit that had come with the Renaissance was subsiding; England, after that splendid and tumultuous renewal of its youth, was settling into the more sober, more sophisticated, more self-conscious ways of adult life.

The two poets—John Donne and Ben Jonson—whose influence was at this time most powerful, assisted, and, as it were, organized, the working of this national tendency toward sophistication in literature. Both were, when Shakespeare died, over forty years old, and both had done their best work in the great days of Elizabeth; but neither of them was Elizabethan in spirit. Donne was a man of powerful intellect and vigorous temperament, who after a youth of strenuous and varied experiences had entered the ministry of the Church, and who became in 1621 Dean of

St Paul's. The Elizabethan lyric was not, for him, an adequate medium of expression. He wanted something at once more solid and more brilliant, upon which the intellect could work and through which it could shine. So, though he possessed his share of the singing quality of his poetic contemporaries, his songs (written for the most part before he was twenty years old) are less remarkable for that than for the way in which they attempt to combine love and philosophy and to set forward an argument by means of fantastic and erudite illustrations, fragments of out-of-the-way learning, and comparisons just, but startling because made between things seldom thought of together. In his hands this method of writing produced forceful, original, and often beautiful work; in the hands of his many imitators it resulted in the founding of what Dr Johnson called the Metaphysical School of poets, for whom far-fetched conceits and quaint, unusual similes were the necessary and invariable ingredients of poetry. Nearly all the Caroline poets either belonged to or were affected by this school; and the results produced by using its methods—often delightful, sometimes tiresome, and sometimes even ridiculous—may be traced in the poems given in this selection. Lovelace's *A Black Patch on Lucasta's Face* is an extreme example.

Ben Jonson's influence, on the other hand, worked not by the transmission of his personal qualities, but by the turning of the young poets toward classical models. All his life Jonson had

been an eager student of the literatures of Greece and Rome, and his admiration for the works of famous classical writers made him impatient of what he considered the undue exuberance and lack of ordered beauty in the works of the Elizabethans. He loved balance, restraint, shapeliness—all those things which his contemporaries regarded so lightly. Against Shakespeare and the great Elizabethans he could make little way, but when in the second decade of the seventeenth century he found himself the greatest among the few survivors of that tremendous age he soon began to make his influence felt. He became a literary dictator to the crowd of young men who were growing up around him to be the poets of the new era. These proudly called themselves the “sons” of Ben Jonson, and formed a sort of society which met frequently at one or other of the London taverns for the reading and discussion of poetry. How they gloried in their master and treasured his words may be read in the many lyrics which they wrote to his memory. Robert Herrick, the greatest of them all, wrote:

Ah Ben!
 Say how or when
 Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts,
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tun;
 Where we such clusters had
 As made us nobly wild, not mad.
 And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock—the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

This enthusiastic acceptance of Ben Jonson's teaching led to great attention being paid to the form of the poems that were being written. The Elizabethans had been satisfied with simple measures, and had not aimed at subtle metrical effects. The Caroline lyrists spent themselves in inventing and elaborating new verse-forms, which they polished and ornamented until each was perfect of its kind. A very slight theme was enough to form the foundation of a lyric, and then metaphor was piled upon metaphor and image upon image so that the most skilled workmanship was needed to give to the mass cohesion and shapeliness. But the Caroline poets were equal to the task; with deft, light touches they fitted one part to another, balancing and arranging, until the whole had an easy grace which, if it was not the magic lilt of the Elizabethans, was in its way as delightful. The variety and beauty of the forms used is one of the most notable features of the poetry of this period. It is shown most fully in the work of Herrick, whose *Hesperides*, containing twelve hundred poems of lengths varying

from two lines to five or six pages, shows an amazing number of verse-forms, nearly all of them new and beautiful. The desire to follow this fashion of variety caused many of the Caroline poets to evolve measures which had nothing but their intricacy to recommend them, and even led some to the childish device of writing their verses in the form of a cross, a bell, or a glove. But these examples of misused ingenuity only make the reader appreciate more highly the wonderful grace of the highly wrought lyrics by Herrick, Lovelace, Suckling, and Carew.

Besides these changes in form and language, the Caroline lyric had other characteristics marking it out from its predecessors. In tone and temper its love-poems are unique. The Elizabethan had worshipped his lady as a goddess, and knelt humbly before her. The poet of the new age makes her his best Court bow, takes her hand with mock devotion, and talks to her in a gay strain of teasing gallantry; only here and there sounds a note of true feeling or a lofty sentiment so lightly thrown in as not to disturb the balance of the whole. Again, few of the Caroline poets except Herrick, who spent twenty years of his life as a Devonshire parson, wrote of nature or of rural themes; and even Herrick's poems are inspired by a delight in country customs and merry-makings—"may-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes"—rather than by a pure love of natural beauty; for the rest, lilies and roses grow chiefly that they may be compared to the bosom and lips of Julia

or Anthea or Lucasta; and bees, birds, and glow-worms exist to furnish material for similes. Donne's example was followed by several writers, who tried, with varying success, to fit a philosophical argument into a poem; others, like Randolph and Cowley, exalted the joys of an idyllic country life above the glittering enticements of the town. The tone of nearly all the poems is gay and careless, with such a suggestion of laughter and merrymaking as might, if they were not so courtly, sometimes be called rollicking.

Toward the end of Charles I's reign the Civil War brought into being another class of lyric—the Cavalier lay, in which the Royalists sang of their devotion to the King and their hatred of his enemies. None of these are of outstanding merit. The Court poets showed when the time came that they could fight as bravely as they could sing, but their Muse was not a martial one and did not accompany them to the field of battle. The best known of the Cavalier lyrics, and the one that approaches more closely than the others to something of a martial swing, is Martin Parker's *When the King enjoys his Own again*.

Lastly there are the religious lyrics, which have no counterpart in the Elizabethan or, indeed, in any other age of English poetry. Herbert, Vaughan, Crashaw, and Sandys were the chief writers, but many among the secular poets—Herrick, Habington, Wither, King—wrote also sacred lyrics. Milton's beautiful hymn *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* may be regarded as

the culmination of this series, though, like all Milton's work, it stands quite apart from the work of his contemporaries. The sacred lyrics are distinguished from the secular mainly by their subject. They are written with the same elaborate structure, the same quaint conceits and illustrations, the same carefully planned metrical devices, the same polish and perfection of finish. In many of them, though not in all, the deeper note of real religious feeling sounds through the elegance of the setting, and a few—Vaughan's *They are All Gone* being the great example—are real poetry.

Most of the Caroline poets were attached to the Court, and their lyrics were written chiefly with a view to their production there. They were set to music by one of the musicians of the day—Lawes or Lanière, or Ramsay or Gamble—and were sung either by their maker or by one of his friends before the King and Queen. Thus they became familiar to the Court before they were published, and the fame of a lyric that found special favour often spread to a much wider circle. Some of the writers, like Suckling, were careless of what happened to their productions after they had once been heard and applauded; others, like Carew, treasured their work and revised it with care. Some of the Caroline lyrics were probably lost through the carelessness of their makers, but almost certainly not as many as among the Elizabethans. The works of most of the poets of any reputation were collected and published either

during their lifetime or shortly after their death, though the editions were often imperfect.

In spite of many and important differences the Caroline lyric was essentially a development of the Elizabethan. There was no break in the poetic line; King Herrick succeeded King Shakespeare as the Stuart kings succeeded Elizabeth; and during the minority of the younger monarch Ben Jonson acted as regent and prepared the way for the new dynasty. For Herrick cannot be regarded as in the direct line from Shakespeare, who left no heirs. And as Herrick is to Shakespeare so are the Caroline poets to the Elizabethans. The spacious days of the great Queen are over; here are straiter times and smaller men. Yet when all deductions have been made it is still true that the burst of song which came with the accession of Charles I is, in volume and sweetness, second only to that which gave glory to the reign of Elizabeth. Herrick is a true lyrical poet, and though he cannot rise to the heights which Shakespeare reached when he made the marvellous songs scattered through his works the extent and variety of the lesser poet's accomplishment may in some sense be said to give him a more important place as a singer.

The quantity of the verse produced by the Caroline poets is in itself remarkable; and though a large proportion of it is dull, imitative, and almost worthless, and some is disfigured by an insufferable coarseness, much of very high merit remains. The period of the Caroline poets is a

very short one, corresponding almost exactly with the twenty-four years of the reign of Charles I. A few poems of Donne and Jonson and Wotton written before 1625 are here included, and a few written after 1649. During the Commonwealth little poetry was produced, and at the Restoration a new school arose which, although it included Cowley, Marvell, Milton, and others who had sung in the days of the first Charles, had its own distinctive characteristics separating it from the age that had gone before. But although it is so short the Caroline period has a permanent importance in the history of English poetry, and it has given us perhaps more than its due proportion of real treasures of song.

Part i

SONGS

I

Song

SWEETEST love! I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can shew
A fitter love for me;

But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the Sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:

Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!

But come bad chance,
And we join to't our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st unkindly kind
My life's blood doth decay.

It cannot be
That thou lov'st me as thou say'st;
If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;

But think that we
Are but laid aside to sleep:
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

JOHN DONNE

II

The Message

SEND home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain:
 But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And break both
 Word and oath,
 Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.
 Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know and see thy lies,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish,
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
 Or prove as false as thou dost now.

JOHN DONNE

III

Ode

VENGANCE will sit above our faults; but till
 She there do sit
 We see her not nor them. Thus blind, yet still
 We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill
 We suffer it.
 Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
 Of doing ill:
 Enough we labour under age and care:
 In number th' errors of the last place are
 The greatest still.

Yet we, that should the ill we now begin
 As soon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not
 seen,
But past us; neither felt, but only in
 The punishment.
But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
 Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour: only he who knows
 Himself knows more. JOHN DONNE

IV

A Valediction forbidding Mourning

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
“Now his breath goes,” and some say “No”;
So let us meet and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
’Twere profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love.
Moving of th’ Earth brings harm and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.
Dull sublunary lovers’ love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Of absence, ’cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refin'd,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assured of the mind,
 Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss;
 Our two souls therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet when the other far doth roam,
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run,
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

JOHN DONNE

V

To Celia

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosie wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON

VI

A Celebration of Charis

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamoured do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she
would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth!
 Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her forehead's smother
 Than words that soothe her:
 And from her arched brows, such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.
 Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touched it?
 Have you marked but the fall of the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
 Have you felt the wool of bever?
 Or swan's down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
 Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

BEN JONSON

VII

The Patrico's Song, from the Masque
 "The Gipsies Metamorphosed"

THE faery beam upon you,
 The stars to glister on you;
 A moon of light,
 In the noon of night,
 Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you

The wheel of fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you;
 Run aye in the way,
 Till the bird of day,
And the luckier lot betide you!
To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
 To the fair, their face
 With eternal grace;
And the soul to be loved at leisure.
To the witty, all clear mirrors,
To the foolish their dark errors;
 To the loving sprite,
 A secure delight:
To the jealous his own false terrors.

BEN JONSON

VIII

Hunter's Song, from the Masque "Time Vindicated"

TURN hunters then,
 Agen.
Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight.
It helps the hearing and the sight:
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory, good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence.

Turn hunters then,
Agen,
But not of men.
Follow his ample
And just example,
That hates all chase of malice and of blood,
And studies only ways of good,
To keep soft peace in breath.
Man should not hunt mankind to death,
But strike the enemies of man;
Kill vices if you can;
They are your wildest beasts,
And when they thickest fall you make the gods
true feasts.

BEN JONSON

IX

The Character of a Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;
Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;
Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise:
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

X

On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies:
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own;
 What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me if she were not designed
 The eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR HENRY WOTTON

XI

Madrigal

THIS world a hunting is,
 The prey, poor man; the Nimrod
 fierce, is Death;
 His speedy greyhounds are,
 Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care;
 Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
 With all those ills which haunt us while
 we breathe.
 Now if by chance we fly
 Of these the eager chace,
 Old age with stealing pace
 Casts on his nets, and there we panting
 die.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

XII

Song

GLIDE soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring:
Within the shady woods,
Let no bird sing!

Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seene to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountaine dwell,
While Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But, (of great Thetis' trayne)

Ye mermaides faire,

That on the shores do plaine

Your sea-greene haire,

As ye in tramels knit your locks,

Weepe ye; and so inforce the rocks

In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell
How Willy bad his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds,

To move a wave;

But if with troubled minds

You seeke his grave,

Know, 'tis as various as yourselves,

Now in the deepe, then on the shelves,

His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,

Whilst Willy weepes, and bids all joy farewell.

Had he, Arion like,

Been judg'd to drowne,

He on his lute could strike

So rare a swon',

A thousand dolphins would have come,
 And joyntly strive to bring him home.
 But he on ship-boarde dyde, by sicknesse fell,
 Since when his Willy bad all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, heare a swaine!
 His coffin take,
 And with a golden chaine
 (For pittie) make
 It fast unto a rock neere land!
 Where ev'ry calmy morne I'le stand,
 And ere one sheepe out of my fold I tell
 Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

WILLIAM BROWNE

XIII

Song

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
 Hearken then a while to me:
 And if such a woman move
 As I now shall versifie:
 Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
 As she scorns the help of art.
 In as many virtues dight
 As e'er yet embraced a heart.
 So much good so truly try'd
 Some for less were deify'd.

Wit she hath without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.
Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.
Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she browne, or fair, or so
That she be but sometime young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she or none
I will love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE

XIV

The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Dye because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosie are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowry meads in May;
If she be not so for me,
What care I how faire she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joynèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtue move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne?
Be she with that goodnesse blest,
Which may merit name of Best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the foole and dye?
Those that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches finde,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to wooe;
And unlesse that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
I will ne'er the more dispaire
If she love me, this beleve;
I will die ere she shall grieve.

If she slight me when I woove,
I can scorne and let her goe:
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER

XV

From "The Mistress of Philarete"

FOR I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure;
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To their antique poets' veins.
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please.

GEORGE WITHER

XVI

A Christmas Carol

SO now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is drest
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor.
Young men and maids and girls and boys
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Ned Swash hath fetched his bands from
paw, and
And all his best apparel,
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With drippings of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the street are singing,
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbours come by flocks
And here they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we I pray be duller?
No, let us sing our roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller;

And whilst thus inspired we sing
Let all the streets with echoes ring:
Woods, and hills, and every-thing
Bear witness we are merry.

GEORGE WITHER

XVII

Disdain Returned

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find naught but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

THOMAS CAREW

XVIII

In Praise of his Mistress

YOU, that will a wonder know,
Go with me,
Two suns in a heaven of snow
Both burning be,—
All they fire, that do but eye them,
Yet the snow's unmelted by them.
Leaves of crimson tulips met,
Guide the way
Where two pearly rows be set
As white as day.
When they part themselves asunder,
She breathes oracles of wonder.
All this but the casket is
Which contains
Such a jewel, as to miss
Breeds endless pains;
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot show it.

THOMAS CAREW

XIX

*On Sight of a Gentlewoman's Face
in the Water*

STAND still, you floods, do not deface
That image which you bear:
So votaries, from every place,
To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lovers' sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streams,
On which no star from any sphere
Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste congeal,
Lest you should lose your bliss;
And to my cruel fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd;

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may despise;
And from your froth we soon shall see
A second Venus rise.

THOMAS CAREW

XX

Song

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauties, orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day:
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
 The nightingale, when May is past;
 For in your sweet dividing throat
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.
 Ask me no more where those stars light
 That downward fall in dead of night;
 For in your eyes they sit, and there
 Fixèd become, as in their sphere.
 Ask me no more if east or west
 The Phenix builds her spicy nest;
 For unto you at last she flies,
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CAREW

XXI

The Argument of the "Hesperides"

I SING of brookes, of blossomes, birds, and bowers
 Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers.
 I sing of may-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
 Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridall-cakes.
 I write of youth, of love, and have accesse
 By these, to sing of cleanly wantonnesse.
 I sing of dewes, of raines, and piece by piece,
 Of balme, of oyle, of spice, and ambergreece.
 I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
 How roses first came red, and lillies white.
 I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
 The court of Mab, and of the fairie-king.
 I write of hell; I sing, and ever shall
 Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXII

To the Virgins

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And neerer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, goe marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXIII

To Daffadills

FAIRE daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soone;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noone.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go along with thee.
We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away,
Like to the summer's raine;
Or as the pearles of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found againe.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXIV

To Meddowes

YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers:
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their houres.
You have beheld, how they
With wicker arks did come,
To kisse and beare away
The richer cowslips home.

Y've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round;
Each virgin, like a spring,
With honeysuckles crown'd.
But now, we see, none here,
Whose silv'rie feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd haire,
Adorn'd this smother mead.
Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
Y'are left here to lament
Your poore estates, alone.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXV

Corinna's Going a-Maying

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
See how Aurora throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herbe and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd towards the east,
Above an houre since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have mattens seyed,
And sung their thankfull hymnes: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seene
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and
 greene

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gowne or haire;
Feare not; the leaves will strew
Gemms in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be brief in
 praying;
Few beads are best, when once we goe a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming, marke
How each field turns a street; each street a parke
 Made green, and trimmed with trees; see
 how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch: each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is
Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with Whitethorn laden home.
Some have dispatcht their cakes and creame,
Before that we have left to dreame:

And some have wept, and woo'd and plighted
troth,

And chose their priest ere we can cast off sloth:

Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odde and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:

Many a jest told of the keyes betraying
This night, and locks pickt, yet w' are not a-Maying.

—Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short; and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne:

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'er be found againe:

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight

Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

—Then, while time serves, and we are but
decaying,

Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a-Maying.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXVI

To Anthea, who may Command him
in Anything

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart Ile give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and Ile despaire,
Under that cypresse tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXVII

Cherrie-ripe

CHERRIE-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and faire ones; come, and buy:
If so be, you ask me where
They doe grow? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips doe smile:
There's the land, or Cherry-ile:
Whose plantations fully show
All the yeere, where cherries grow.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXVIII

**The Succession of the Foure Sweet
Months**

FIRST, April, she with mellow showrs
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet aray;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Jems then those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in then all those three

ROBERT HERRICK

XXIX

Delight in Disorder

A SWEET disorder in the dresse
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse:
A lawne about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction:
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher:
A cuffe neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly:
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticoate:
A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye
I see a wild civility:
Doe more bewitch me, then when art
Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXX

How Violets came Blew

LOVE on a day, wise poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excell,
Or she, in sweetest scent.
But Venus having lost the day,
Poore girles, she fell on you;
And beat ye so, as some dare say
Her blowes did make ye blew.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXXI

The Primrose

ASK me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the yeere?
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your eeres,
The sweets of *love* are wash'd with tears;
Ask me why this flow'r do's show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer These discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXXII

To Blossoms

FAIRE pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a-while,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.
What, were yee born to be
An houre or half's delight;
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth,
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you, a-while—they glide
 Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXXIII

Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve

DOWN with the rosemary and bayes,
 Down with the mistleto;
 Instead of holly, now up-raise
 The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
 Let box now domineere;
 Until the dancing Easter-day,
 Or Easters eve appear.

Then youthfull box, which now hath grace
 Your houses to renew,
 Grown old, surrender must his place
 Unto the crispèd yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
 And many flowers beside;
 Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne
 To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler oken boughs;
Come in for comely ornaments,
To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's hold:
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXXIV

The Night Piece, to Julia

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting starres attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wispes mis-light thee;
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee:
But on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the moon do's slumber?
The starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul Ile poure into thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXXV

To Violets

WELCOME, maids of honour,
You doe bring
In the spring:
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and faire:
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y'are the maiden posies,
And so grac't
To be plac't
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye doe lie
Poore girles, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXXVI

The Fairies

IF ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place:
Rake the fier up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set,
Wash your pailles and clense your dairies;
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies:
Sweep your house: who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXXVII

His Prayer to Ben Jonson

WHEN I a verse shall make,
Know I have praid thee,
For old religions sake,
Saint Ben, to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyrick.

Candles Ile give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXXVIII

To Primroses filled with Morning Dew

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who were but borne
 Just as the modest morne
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas, you have not known that shower
 That marres a flower,
 Nor felt th' unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind,
 Nor are ye worn with yeares;
 Or warpt as we,
 Who think it strange to see,
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
 To speak by tears, before ye have a tongue.
 Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop and weep;
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullabie?
 Or that you have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kisse
 From that sweetheart, to this?
 No, no, this sorrow shown
 By your teares shed,
 Would have this lecture read,
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
 forth.

ROBERT HERRICK

XXXIX

Ode to Master Antony Stafford

COME, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this
great town;
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war:
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the
world grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise;
Or to make sport
For some slight puisne of the inns of court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights
When from this tumult we are got secure;
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose;
Where every word is thought, and every
thought is pure.

There, from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can show;
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state,
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheape and wives of Lombard Street.

Of this no more—
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store;
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then full, we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire,
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats
Warbling melodious notes,
We will all sports enjoy, which others but
desire.

Ours is the sky,
Where, at what fowl we please, our hawks shall
fly,
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox, or tim'rous hare;

But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they choose;
 The buck shall fall,
 The stag and all.
Our pleasures must from their own warrants
 be,
 For to my muse, if not to me
 I am sure all game is free:
Heaven, earth, are all but parts of her great
 royalty.

THOMAS RANDOLPH

XL

Song

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings:
He takes your window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings;
"Awake, awake! the Morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.
"The merchant bowes unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season
 takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistriss wakes:
Awake, awake! break through your veils of
 lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawne."

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

XLI

Women preparing for War

LET us live, live! for, being dead,
The pretty spots,
Ribbons and knots,
And the fine French dress for the head,
No lady wears upon her
In the cold, cold bed of honour.
Beat down our grottos, and hew down our bowers,
Dig up our arbours, and root up our flowers;
Our gardens are bulwarks and bastions become;
Then hang up our lute, we must sing to the drum.

Our patches and our curls,
So exact in each station,
Our powders and our purls,
Are now out of fashion.

Hence with our needles, and give us your spades;
We, that were ladies, grow coarse as our maids.
Our coaches have driven us to balls at the court,
We now must drive barrows to earth up the fort.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

XLII

The Soldier going to the Field

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty girl,
To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread, instead of pearls,
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum:
Expense of grief gains no remorse
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy Peace
Will hide her drowsy head:
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight,
Who, being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old
Ordain'd a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft sevenfold
What he had stol'n away.

Thy payment shall but double be;
O then with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me,
Accompanied with thine.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

XLIII

Upon Castara's Departure

VOWES are vaine. No suppliant breath
Stays the speed of swift-heel'd Death.
Life with her is gone, and I
Learne but a new way to dye.

See the flowers condole, and all
 Wither in my funerall.
 The bright lilly, as if day
 Parted with her fades away.
 Violets hang their heads, and lose
 All their beauty. That the rose
 A sad part in sorrow beares,
 Witnesse all those dewy teares,
 Which as pearle, or dyamond like,
 Swell upon her blushing cheeke.
 All things mourne, but oh, behold
 How the withered marigold
 Closeth up now she is gone,
 Judging her the setting sunne.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

XLIV

A Ballad upon a Wedding

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen;
 O, things beyond compare!
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs:
 And there did I see coming down
 Such folk as are not in our town,
 Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walkt on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him:
Should he go still so drest.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which he did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But O she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
 (Who sees them is undone),
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face;
I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey,
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our train'd band,
 Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
 To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
 The company was seated.

Now hats fly off and youths carouse;
Healts first go round, and then the house,
 The bride's came thick and thick:
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
 (And who could help it, Dick?)

On the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again and sigh, and glance:
 Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry woman wished her place,
 And every man wished his.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

XLV

Sonnet

OF thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white
 To make up my delight,
 No odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good store
Of love, for her I court;
 I ask no more,
Tis love in love that makes the sport.
There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
 It is mere cosenage all;
 For though some long ago

Liked certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from choosing new:
If I a fancy take

To black and blew
That fancy doth it beauty make.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite

Makes eating a delight,

And if I like one dish

More than another, that a pheasant is;

What in our watches, that in us is found,

So to the height and nick

We up be wound,

No matter by what hand or trick.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

XLVI

Constancy

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no staies,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

XLVII

A Toast, from "Brennorault"

SHE'S pretty to walk with:
And witty to talk with:
And pleasant too to think on.
But the best use of all
Is, her health is a stale,
And helps us to make us drink on.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

XLVIII

A Catch, from "The Goblins"

FILL it up, fill it up to the brink,
When the pots cry clink,
And the pockets chink,
Then 'tis a merry world.
To the best, to the best, have at her
And a Pox take the woman-hater:—
The prince of darkness is a gentleman,
Mahu, Mahu is his name.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

XLIX

Orsames Song, from "Aglaura"

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

 Why so dull and mute, young sinner,
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

 Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

L

On a Girdle

THAT, which her slender waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

 It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer;
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

EDMUND WALLER

LI

Song

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER

LII

Song on a May Morning

Now the bright Morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with
her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill, and dale, doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON

LIII

From "Comus"

THE star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole;
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East.
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,

Midnight shout and revelry,
Topsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrupulous head,
Strict age, and sour severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves;
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?

JOHN MILTON

LIV

Song, from "Comus"

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

JOHN MILTON

LV

Song, from "Comus"

SABRINA fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save!
 Listen and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus.
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 By the Carpathian wizard's hook;
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;

By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save!

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays:
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.

JOHN MILTON

LVI

Wishes, to his Supposed Mistress

WHO'E'ER she be
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny;

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our Earth;

Till that divine
Idea, take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine;

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her, beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glistening shoe tie.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest.

A cheek where Youth,
And blood, with pen of Truth
Write, what their reader sweetly ru'th.

Lips where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-face
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

Days, that need borrow,
No part of their good morrow,
From a forespent night of sorrow.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, Welcome friend!

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

Now if Time knows
That her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her that dares be,
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further: it is she.

RICHARD CRASHAW

LVII

Leucasia's Lullaby

SEAL up her eyes, O Sleep, but flow
Mild as her manners to and fro:
Slide softly into her that she
May receive no wound from thee.
And ye present her thoughts, O Dreams,
With hushing winds and purling streams,
Whiles hovering Silence sits without
Careful to keep disturbance out.
Thus seize her, Sleep, thus her again resign
So what was Heaven's gift we'll reckon thine.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

LVIII

Lesbia on her Sparrow

TELL me not of joys, there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you
Would sigh and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me;
He would hang the wing awhile,
Till at length he saw me smile;
Lord! how sullen he would be.
He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip,

He would from my trencher feed,
Then would hop, and then would run
And cry Philip when he had done;
Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt though he did bite;
No morn did pass
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let them fall,
And then straightway sleek them too.

Where will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts?
A wound he may,
Not love, convey;
Now this faithful bird is gone,
Oh, let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

LIX

To Lucasta, going to the Warres

TELL me not, (sweet,) I am unkinde
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To warre and armes I flie.

True: a new Mistresse now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith imbrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As you too shall adore;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Lov'd I not Honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE

LX

To *Althea*, from Prison

WHEN love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates;
 And my divine *Althea* brings
 To whisper at the grates;
 When I lye tangled in her haire
 And fetterd to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the aire
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying *Thames*,
 Our carelesse heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes that tipple in the deepe
 Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetnes, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King.
When I shall voyce aloud, how good
He is, how great should be,
Inlarged winds, that curle the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Mindes innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedome in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that sore above
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE

LXI

To Lucasta, going beyond the Seas

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone:
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing
wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.
Though seas and land betwixt us both
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet.
So then we do anticipate
Our after fate,
And are alive i' the skies
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

RICHARD LOVELACE

LXII

A Black Patch on Lucasta's Face

DULL as I was to think that a court fly
Presum'd so near her eye;
When 'twas the industrious bee
Mistook her glorious face for Paradise,
To summe up all his chymistry of spice;
With a brave pride and honour led,
Neer both her suns he makes his bed,

And, though a spark, struggles to rise as red:
Then emulates the gay
Daughter of day,
Acts the romantick phoenix fate,
When now with all his sweets laid out in state,
Lucasta scatters but one heat
And all the aromattick pills do sweat,
And gums calcin'd themselves to powder beat,
Which a fresh gale of air
Conveys into her hair;
Then chaft, he's set on fire,
And in these holy flames doth glad expire,
And that black marble tablet there
So neer her either sphere
Was plac'd; nor foyl, nor ornament
But the sweet little bee's large monument.

RICHARD LOVELACE

LXIII

The Wish

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be,
For all my use, not luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

LXIV

The Epicure

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile
Like the wine and roses smile.
Crown'd with roses we condemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.

To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours, we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

LXV

The Repulse

NOT that by this disdain
I am releas'd,
And freed from thy tyrannic chain,
Do I think myself bless'd:

Nor that thy flame shall burn
No more; for I know
That I shall into ashes turn
Before this fire doth so,

Nor yet that unconfin'd
I now may rove,
And with new beauties please my mind,
But that thou ne'er did'st love:

For since thou hast no part
Felt of this flame,
I only from thy tyrant heart
Repuls'd, not banish'd am.

To lose what once was mine
 Would grieve me more
Than those inconstant sweets of thine
 Had pleas'd my soul before.

Now I have not lost the bliss
 I ne'er possess;
And spite of fate am blest in this,
 That I was never blest.

THOMAS STANLEY

LXVI

Song

MORPHEUS, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown,

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming-rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obligèd to thy greatest foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

LXVII

Sorrow

OH, Sorrow, Sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?

In the lowest room of hell.

Art thou born of human race?

No, no, I have a furier face.

Art thou in city, town, or court?

I to every place resort.

Oh why into the world is Sorrow sent?

Men afflicted best repent.

What dost thou feed on?

Broken sleep.

What takest thou pleasure in?

To weep,

To sigh, to sob, to pine, to groan,

To wring my hands, to sit alone.

Oh when? oh when shall Sorrow quiet have?

Never, never, never, never,

Never till she finds a grave.

SAMUEL ROWLEY

LXVIII

Sic Vita

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:

Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
 The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot:
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

HENRY KING

LXIX

An Excellent New Ballad

To the tune of "I'll never love thee more"

MY dear and only love, I pray,
 That little world,—of Thee,—
 Be govern'd by no other sway
 Than purest monarchy.
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 And hold a *synod* in thine heart,
 I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign
 And I will reign alone;
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 That dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
 And always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe;

But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me,
Or if *committees* thou erect
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays
And love thee more and more.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

LXX

Tobacco

TOBACCO's a Musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close
Through the organ of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.

This makes me sing So ho, ho ; So
ho, ho, boys,
Ho boys sound I loudly ;
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our brain it enters
Our feet do make indentures,
Which we seal with stamping paces.
This makes, etc.

Tobacco's a Physician,
Good both for sound and sickly ;
'Tis a hot perfume
That expels cold rheum
And makes it flow down quickly.
This makes, etc.

Tobacco is a Traveller,
Come from the Indies hither ;
It passed sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scaped the wind and weather.
This makes, etc.

Tobacco is a Critic,
That still old paper turneth,
Whose labour and care
Is as smoke in the air,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.
This makes, etc.

Tobacco's an *ignis fatuus*—
A fat and fiery vapour,
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.
This makes, etc.

Tobacco is a Whiffler,
And cries Huff Snuff with fury;
His pipe's his club and link;
He's the visor that does drink.
Thus arm'd I fear not a Jury.
This makes, etc.

BARTEN HOLIDAY

LXXI

Time

TIME is the feather'd thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparkling of the locks, and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him as he flies,
An unperceivèd dimness in thine eyes:

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there
Where flowers and roses do appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
 Doth into ice expire;
 Flames turn to frost; and ere we can
 Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
 Or how a silver snow,
 Springs there where yet did grow,
 Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

JASPER MAYNE

LXXII

A Proper New Ballad intituled The Faerye's Farewell; or God-a-Mercy Will

To be sung or whiseled to the tune of "The Meddow
 Brow" by the Learned; by the unlearned to the
 tune of "Fortune"

FAREWELL, rewards and Faeries,
 Good housewives now may say,
 For now foule sluttis in dairies
 Doe fare as well as they.
 And though they sweepe theyre hearths
 no less

Then maydes were wont to doe,
 Yet who of late for cleanlinesse
 Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

At morning and at evening both
 You merry were and glad,
 So little care of sleepe or sloth
 These prettie ladies had;

When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily, merrily went theyre tabor,
And nimbly went theyre toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine,
Were footed in queen Marie's dayes
On many a grassy playne:
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later, James came in
They never daunc'd on any heath
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the Faeries
Were of the old profession;
Theyre songs were Ave Maryes;
Theyre daunces were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or further for religion fled,
Or else they take theyre ease.

A tell-tale in theyre company
They never could endure,
And whoe so kept not secretly
Theyre mirth was punisht sure;
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such black and blew;
O how the common welth doth need
Such justices as you!

BISHOP CORBET

LXXIII

Madrigal

WHEN in her face mine eyes I fixe
A fearefull boldnesse takes my mind,
Sweet hony love with gall doth mixe
And is unkindly kind:
It seems to breed,
And is indeed
A speciall pleasure to be pin'd,
No danger then I dread:
For though I went a thousand times to Stix,
I know she can revive me with her eye.
As many lookes, as many lives to me:
And yet had I a thousand harts,
As many lookes, as many darts,
Might make them all to die.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING

LXXIV

The Dilemma

As poor Strephon (whom hard fate
Slave to Chloris' eyes decreed)
By his cruel fair one sat,
Whilst his fat flocks graz'd along:
To the music of his reed,
This was the sad shepherd's song.

“From those tempting lips if I
 May not steal a kiss (my dear!)
I shall longing pine and die:
And a kiss if I obtain,
 My heart fears (thine eyes so near)
By their lightning 'twill be slain.
 Thus I know not what to try;
 This I know yet, that I die.”

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE

LXXV

A Mock Song

'TIS true I never was in love:
 But now I mean to be,
 For there's no art
 Can shield a heart
From love's supremacy.

Though in my nonage I have seen
 A world of taking faces,
I had not age or wit to ken
 Their several hidden graces.

Those virtues which, though thinly set,
 In others are admired,
In thee are altogether met,
 Which make thee so desired

That though I never was in love,
Nor never meant to be,
Thyself and parts
Above my arts
Have drawn my heart to thee.

ALEXANDER BROME

LXXVI

The Riddle

NO more, no more,
We are already pin'd,
And sore and poor
In body and in mind:
And yet our sufferings have been
Less than our sin.
Come, long-desired Peace, we thee implore,
And let our pains be less, or power more.

One body jars,
And with itself does fight;
War meets with wars,
And might resisteth might;
And both sides say they love the king,
And peace will bring.
Yet since these fatal civil broils begun,
Strange riddle! both have conquered, neither
won.

One God, one king,
One true religion still,
In every thing
One law both should fulfil:
All these both sides do still pretend
That they defend:
Yet to increase the king and kingdom's woes,
Which side soever wins, good subjects lose.

The king doth swear
That he doth fight for them;
And they declare
They do the like for him:
Both say they wish and fight for peace,
Yet wars increase.
So between both, before our wars be gone,
Our lives and goods are lost, and we're undone.

Since 'tis our curse
To fight we know not why,
'Tis worse and worse
The longer thus we lie.
For war itself is but a nurse
To make us worse;
Come, blessed Peace! we once again implore,
And let our pains be less, or power more.

ALEXANDER BROME

LXXVII

To Cynthia on her Resemblance

FORGIVE me, Cynthia, if (as Poets use
 When they some divine beauty would
 expresse)
 I Roses, Pinkes, or July-floures do chuse;
 It is a kind of weaknesse, I confesse,
 To praise the great'st perfection by a lesse:
 And is the same as if one strove to paint
 The holinesse or vertues of a Saint.

Yet there is a necessity impos'd,
 For those bright Angels, which we vertues call
 Had not been known, had they not been inclos'd
 In pretious stones, or things diaphanall:
 The essences and formes cœlestiall,
 Had been conceal'd had not the heavenly powers
 Been stamp'd, and printed on stones, trees,
 and flowers.

So thy divine pure soul, and every grace,
 And heavenly beauty it doth comprehend,
 Had not been seen, but for thy lovely face,
 Which with Angel-like features may contend,
 Which into flesh and bloud did downe descend
 That she her purest essence might disclose
 In it, as thy fair cheekes do in the Rose.

FRANCIS KYNASTON

LXXVIII

On her Faire Eyes

LOOK not upon me with those lovely eyes,
From whom there flies
So many a dart
To wound a heart,
That still in vaine to thee for mercy cries,
Yet dies, whether thou grantest or denies.

Of thy coy lookes, know, I do not complaine
Nor of disdain:
Those, sudden, like
The lightning strike
And kill me without any lingring paine,
And slaine so once, I cannot dy againe.

But O thy sweet looks from my eyes conceale
Which so oft steale
My soule from me,
And bring to thee
A wounded heart, which though it do reveale
The hurts thou giv'st it, yet thou canst not heale

Upon those sweets I surfet still, yet I
Wretch cannot dy,
But am revived
And made long liv'd
By often dying, since thy gracious ey
Like heaven, makes not a death, but extasie.

Then in the heaven of that beauteous face,
 Since thou dost place
 A martyred heart,
 Whose blisse thou art,
 Since thou hast ta'ne the soule, this favour do,
 Into thy bosome take the body too.

FRANCIS KYNASTON

LXXIX

Julia Weeping

FAIREST, when thy eyes did pour
 A crystal shower,
 I was persuaded that some stone
 Had liquid grown:
 And, thus amazed, sure, thought I,
 When stones are moist, some rain is nigh.
 Why weep'st thou? 'cause thou cannot be
 More hard to me?
 So lionesses pity, so
 Do tygers too;
 So doth that bird, which when she's fed
 On all the man, pines o'er the head.
 Yet I'll make better omens, till
 Event beguile:
 Those pearly drops in time shall be
 A precious sea;
 And thou shall like thy coral prove,
 Soft under water, hard above.

JOHN HALL

LXXX

Coridon's Song

OH the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lee.
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For Courts are full of flattery
As hath too oft been tried:
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lee.
The City full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart.
Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lee.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses, and his cart:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheepskins,
Grey russet for our wives:

Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lee.

'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives:

Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The ploughman, tho' he labour hard,
Yet on the holyday,

Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lee.

No emperor so merrily
Does pass his time away:

Then care away,
And wend along with me.

To recompense our tillage,
The heavens afford us showers:

Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lee.

And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers:

Then care away,
And wend along with me.

The cuckow and the nightingale
Full merrily do sing,

Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lee.

And with their pleasant roundelays
Bid welcome to the Spring:

Then care away,
And wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
 Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
 Heigh trolollie lee.
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies.
 Then come away,
 Turn countrymen with me.

JOHN CHALKHILL

LXXXI

Song

WHY, dearest, should'st thou weep, when
 I relate
 The story of my woe?
Let not the swarthy mists of my black fate
 O'ercast thy beauty so;
For each rich pearl lost on that score,
Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more.
Quench not those stars, that to my bliss should
 guide,
 O spare that precious tear!
Nor let those drops unto a deluge tide,
 To drown your beauty there;
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
You lose your lustre, but the world its light.

CHARLES COTTON

LXXXII

Against Pleasure

THERE'S no such thing as pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit:
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls.

'Tis true it looks at distance fair:
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch:
It being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasures we are cloy'd,
And so desire is done:
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channel where they run:
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making'us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleasure easily,
But ne'er true bliss possess:
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less.
Nay, were our state as we could chuse it,
'Twould be consumed by fear to lose it.

What art thou then, thou winged air,
More weak and swift than fame?
Whose next successor is despair,
And its attendant shame.
Th' experience-prince then reason had
Who said of pleasure, "*it is mad.*"

KATHERINE PHILIPS

LXXXIII

Song

SOME prayse the browne, and some the fayre;
Some best like blacke, some flaxen hayre:
Some love the tall, and some the low;
Some choose, who's quicke; and some, who's slow.
If in all men one mind did dwell,
Too many would lead apes in hell:
But, that no mayd her mate may lacke,
For every Joane there is a Jacke.
Thus I have my own fancy too;
And now, none but the poore to woe:
My love shall come (whene'er I wed),
As naked to the church, as bed.
The fayre, the chast, the wisest dame,
Though nobly borne, and of best fame,
(By all the gods), would ne'er enthrall
My heart, if she were rich withall.
I money count as great a fault,
As poornesse is 'mongst others thought:
With thousand goods you'l find supplyde
The want of portion in a bride.

There's noe such gagge to stille the lowd;
 There's noe such curbe, to rule the proud:
 Itt never fayles to shut all strife;
 Itt makes one master of his wife.

Should I reveale each good effect,
 (Though poverty now bring neglect,)
 Suitors would throng about the poore,
 Ne'er knocking at the rich-mayd's doore.

Then least that some should surfeits want,
 And others sterve, the while for want,
 What rests (the rich not to offend)
 I'll only tell to some choyce friend.

PATRICK CAREY

LXXXIV

To Cynthia

HARK how the little birds do vie their skill,
 Saluting, with their tunes, the welcome day.
 Spring does the air with fragrant odours fill,
 And the pleas'd fields put on their best array.

With great serenity the heavens move;
 The amorous planet rules in fullest power:
 All things their cruelty away remove,
 And seem to know of joy the time and hour.

Only my Cynthia still this glorious morn
 Retains the frozen temper of her heart,
 Of birds, and flowers, does imitation scorn,
 Nor from her wonted rigour will depart.

Oh change, my Fair, that harsh and cruel mind.
Why should your looks and humour disagree?
Let not my love such opposition find,
You're wo'd by heav'n, and earth to favour me.

PHILIP AYRES

LXXXV

The Fairy Queen

COME, follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be:
Which circle on the greene,
Come, follow Mab your queene.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest:
Unheard and unespy'd
Through keyholes we do glide:
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their armes and thighs;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroomes head
Our tablecloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snailes
Between two cockles stew'd
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Tailes of worms and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse
So nimbly do we passe,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

ANONYMOUS

LXXXVI

On a Shepherd losing his Mistress

STAY, Shepherd, prethee Shepherd stay:
Didst thou not see her run this way?
Where may she be, canst thou not guess?
Alas! I've lost my Shepherdess.

I fear some Satyr has betray'd
My pretty Lamb unto the shade:
Then woe is me, for I'm undone,
For in the shade she was my Sun.

In Summer heat were she not seen,
No solitary Vale was green:
The blooming Hills, the downy Meads,
Bear not a Flower but where she treads.

Hush'd were the senseless Trees when she
Sate but to keep them company:
The silver Streams were swell'd with pride,
When she sate singing by their side.

The Pink, the Cowslip, and the Rose
Strive to salute her where she goes;
And then contend to kiss her Shoo,
The Pancy and the Daizy too.

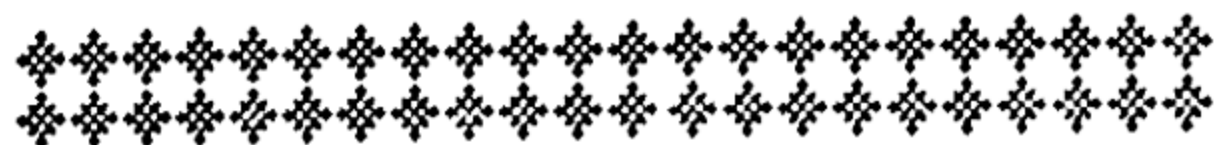
But now I wander on the Plains,
Forsake my home, and Fellow-Swains,
And must for want of her, I see,
Resolve to die in misery.

For when I think to find my Love
Within the bosom of a Grove,
Methinks the Grove bids me forbear,
And sighing says, She is not here.

Next do I fly unto the Woods,
Where Flora pranks herself with Buds,
Thinking to find her there: But lo
The Myrtles and the Shrubs say, No.

Then what shall I unhappy do,
Or whom shall I complain unto?
No, no, here I'm resolv'd to die,
Welcome Sweet Death and Destiny.

ANONYMOUS



Part ii

CAVALIER LYRICS

I

To the King on New Year's Day 1630

THE joys of eager youth, of wine, and wealth,
Of faith untroubl'd and unphysick'd health;
Of lovers when their nuptial's nigh,
Of saints forgiven when they die;

Let this year bring

To Charles our king:

To Charles, who is th' example and the law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

Long-proffer'd peace, and that not compass'd by
Expensive treaties, but a victory:

And victories by fame obtain'd

Or prayer, and not by slaughter gain'd;

Let this year bring

To Charles our king;

To Charles, who is th' example and the law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

A session, too, of such who can obey,
As they were gather'd to consult, not sway;

Who now rebel, in hope to get

Some office to reclaim their wit;

Let this year bring
To Charles our king;
To Charles, who is th' example and the law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.
Prætors, who will the public cause defend,
With timely gifts, not speeches finely penn'd;
To make the northern victor's fame
No more our envy nor our shame;
Let this year bring
To Charles our king;
To Charles, who is th' example and the law,
By whom the good are taught, not kept in awe.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

II

The Royalist

Written 1646

COME pass about the bowl to me,
A health to our distressed King;
Though we're in hold, let cups go free,
Birds in a cage may freely sing.
This ground doth tippie healths apace
When storms do fall, and shall not we?
A sorrow dares not show its face,
When we are ships and sack's the sea.
We do not suffer here alone;
Though we are beggar'd, so's the King;
'Tis sin t' have wealth when he has none;
Tush! poverty's a Royal thing!

When we are larded well with drink
 Our heads shall turn as round as theirs,
 Our feet shall rise, our bodies sink
 Clean down the wind, like Cavaliers.

ALEXANDER BROME

III

When the King enjoys his Own again

WHAT Booker doth prognosticate
 Concerning kings' or kingdoms' fate?
 I think myself to be as wise
 As he that gazeth on the skies.

My skill goes beyond
 The depth of a pond
 Or rivers in the greatest rain;
 Thereby I can tell
 All things will be well
 When the King enjoys his own again.

There's neither Swallow, Dove, nor Dade,
 Can soar more high, nor deeper wade;
 Nor show a reason from the stars
 What causeth peace or civil wars;
 The Man in the Moon
 May wear out his shoon,
 By running after Charles his wain;
 But all's to no end,
 For the times will not mend
 Till the King enjoys his own again.

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall
Instead of silk and silver brave,
Which formerly it used to have,
 With rich perfume
 In every room,
Delightful to that princely train,
 Which again you shall see
 When the time it shall be
That the King enjoys his own again.
Full forty years the royal crown
Hath been his father's and his own;
And is there anyone but he
That in the same should sharer be?
 For who better may
 The sceptre sway
Than he that hath such right to reign?
 Then let's hope for a peace,
 For the wars will not cease
Till the King enjoys his own again.
Till then upon Ararat's hill
My hope shall cast her anchor still,
Until I see some peaceful dove
Bring home the branch I dearly love;
 Then will I wait
 Till the waters abate,
Which now disturb my troubled brain,
 Else never rejoice
 Till I hear the voice
That the King enjoys his own again.

MARTIN PARKER



Part iii

SACRED LYRICS

I

When we are upon the Seas

ON those great waters now I am,
Of which I have been told,
That whosoever thither came
Should wonders there behold.
In this unsteady place of fear,
Be present, Lord, with me;
For in these depths of water here
I depths of danger see.

A stirring courser now I sit,
A headstrong steed I ride
That champs and foams upon the bit
Which curbs his lofty pride.
The softest whistling of the winds
Doth make him gallop fast;
And as their breath increased he finds
The more he maketh haste.

Take Thou, Oh Lord! the reins in hand,
Assume our Master's room;
Vouchsafe Thou at our helm to stand,
And pilot to become.

Trim Thou the sails, and let good speed
Accompany our haste;
Sound Thou the channels at our need,
And anchor for us cast.
A fit and favourable wind
To further us provide;
And let it wait on us behind,
Or lackey by our side.
From sudden gusts, from storms, from sands,
And from the raging wave;
From shallows, rocks, and pirates' hands
Men, goods and vessel save.
Preserve us from the wants, the fear,
And sickness of the seas;
But chiefly from our sins, which are
A danger worse than these.
Lord! let us also safe arrive
Where we desire to be;
And for Thy mercies let us give
Due thanks and praise to Thee.

GEORGE WITHER

II

The Pulley

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessing standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches which dispersed lie
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way:
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour,
pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

GEORGE HERBERT

III

The Collar

I STRUCK the board, and cry'd, "No more;
I will abroad!
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.

Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
All wasted?
Not so, my heart; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made; and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed;
I will abroad,
Call in thy death's head there, tie up thy fears;
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load."
But as I rav'd, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, "Child":
And I reply'd, "My Lord."

GEORGE HERBERT

IV

Man's Medley

HARK, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present, is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence:
In the other angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With the one hand touching heaven, the other
earth.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head;
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble;
He hath two winters, other things but one;
Both frosts and thoughts do nip,
And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
 Happy is he, whose heart
 Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

GEORGE HERBERT

V

Virtue

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal
 Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT

VI

Easter

I GOT me flowers to straw Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And broughtst Thy sweets along with Thee.
Yet though my flowers be lost, they say
A heart can never come too late;
Teach it to sing Thy praise this day,
And then this day my life shall date.

GEORGE HERBERT

VII

Aaron

HOLINESS on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest:
Thus are true Aarons drest.
Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor priest, thus am I drest.
Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making live,—not dead,
Without Whom I could have no rest:
In Him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
My alone-only heart and breast,
My only music striking me ev'n dead,
That to the old man I may rest,
And he in Him new-drest.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breast,
My doctrine tun'd by Christ, Who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest,
Come, people; Aaron's drest.

GEORGE HERBERT

VIII

A Thanksgiving to God for his House

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft and drie;
Where Thou, my chamber for toward
Hast set a guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poore,
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.

Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchin's small;
A little butterie, and therein
 A little byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of bread
 Unchipt, unflead;
Some brittle sticks of thorne or briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
 And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that bee
 There placed by Thee;
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
 Of watercresse,
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent;
 And my content
Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
 To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltlesse mirth,
And giv'st me wassaile bowles to drink
 Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soiles my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne,
 Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day;
Besides my healthfull ewes to beare
 Me twins each yeare;

The while the conduits of my kine
Run creame, for wine:
All these, and better, Thou dost send
Me, to this end,—
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfull heart;
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

IX

The White Island

IN this world, the Isle of Dreames,
While we sit by sorrowes streames,
Teares and terrors are our theames,
Reciting:

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternitie,
Uniting:

In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candor here, and lustre there,
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
 Out of hell an horreur call,
 To create, or cause at all
 Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep,
 We our eyes shall never steep,
 But eternall watch shall keep,
 Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
 Me immortaliz'd, and you;
 And fresh joys, as never too
 Have ending.

ROBERT HERRICK

X

Grace for a Child

HERE, a little child, I stand,
 Heaving up my either hand:
 Cold as paddocks though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee,
 For a benison to fall
 On our meat, and on our all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK

XI

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-
table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal
clay.

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode
Now whiles the Heaven, by the Sun's team un-
trod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
 From out His secret altar touched with hallowed
 fire.

JOHN MILTON

XII

Psalm lxxxii

GOD sits upon the Throne of Kings,
 And judges unto judgment brings:
 Why then so long
 Maintain you wrong
 And favour lawless things?

Defend the poor, the fatherless;
 Their crying injuries redress:
 And vindicate
 The desolate
 Whom wicked men oppress.

For they of knowledge have no light,
 Nor will to know; but walk in night.
 Earth's bases fail,
 No laws prevail,
 Scarce one in heart upright.

Though gods, and sons of the Most High,
Yet you, like common men, shall die;
Like princes fall.
Great God, judge all
The Earth, thy Monarchy.

GEORGE SANDYS

XIII

They are All Gone

THEY are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd
them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous Death! the jewel of the just
 Shining nowhere but in the dark:
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust
 Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd birds' nest, may
 know
 At first sight if the bird be flown;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in now
 That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 themes
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
 The captive flames must needs burn there:
 But when the hand that lock'd her up, gives
 room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee!
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective—still—as they pass:
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
 Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN

XIV

Why are ye Afraid, O ye of Little Faith?

As if the storm meant him;
Or 'cause Heaven's face is dim,
His needs a cloud:
Was ever froward wind
That could be so unkind,
Or wave so proud?
The wind had need be angry, and the water
black,
That to the mighty Neptune's self dare threaten
wrack.

There is no storm but this
Of your own cowardice
That braves you out;
You are the storm that mocks
Yourselves; you are the rocks
Of your own doubt:
Besides this fear of danger, there's no danger
here,
And he that here fears danger, does deserve his
fear.

RICHARD CRASHAW

XV

O that I had Wings like a Dove

By ambition raysèd high,
Oft did I
Seeke (though bruis'd with falls) to fly.

When I saw the pompe of kings
Plac'd above,
I did love
To draw neare, and wish'd for wings.

All these joyes which caught my mind
Now I find
To bee bubbles, full of wind:
Glow-wormes, onely shining bright
When that wee
Blinded bee
By darck follye's stupid night.

Looking up then I did goe
To and froe,
When indeed they were below:
For now, that mine eyes see cleare,
Fayre noe more
Small and poore,
Farre beneath mee they appeare.

But a nobler light I spy,
Much more hye
Then that sun which shines i' th' sky:
Since itt's sight, all earthly things
I detest:
There to rest,
Give, O give mee the dove's wings.

PATRICK CAREY

XVI

Et Exaltabit Humiles

How cheerfully th' unpartial Sunne
Gilds with his beames
The narrow streames
O' th' brook which silently doth runne
Without a name!
And yet disdains to lend his flame
To the wide channell of the Thames.
The largest mountains barren lye,
And lightning feare
Though they appeare
To bid defiance to the skie;
Which in one houre
W' have seen the opening earth devoure
When in their height they proudest were.
But th' humble man heaves up his head
Like some rich vale
Whose fruites nere faile
With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-spread.
Nor doth complaine
Ore flowed by an ill-season'd raine
Or batter'd by a storm of haile.
Like a tall barke treasure fraught
He the seas cleere
Doth quiet steere:
But when they are t' a tempest wrought;
More gallantly
He spreads his saile, and doth more high
By swelling of the waves appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force
The glorious tide
Of humane pride
To th' lowest ebbe; that ore his course
(Which rudely bore
Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feeblest enemie may stride.
But from his ill-thatcht roof he brings
The cottager,
And doth preferre
Him to th' adored state of kings:
He bids that hand
Which labour hath made rough and tan'd
The all commanding sceptre beare.
Let then the mighty cease to boast
Their boundlesse sway
Since in their sea
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
Let them themselves
Beware for they are their own shelves.
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

WILLIAM HABINGTON



NOTES

Reference is given in most cases to page and line, the heavy figure indicating the page.

26, 21. *The laity*, outsiders.

27. "*To Celia*." This poem is a free translation from the love-letters of Philostratus the Younger, a Greek writer who lived in the third century A.D. It was first published (1606) in *The Forest*, a collection of Jonson's lyrics and epistles.

28. "*A Celebration of Charis*." This poem is one of ten addressed to Charis, to be found in *Underwoods*, a second collection of lyrics, published after Jonson's death, in 1641. The last two stanzas appear in Jonson's play *The Devil is an Ass*, acted in 1616, where they are said, or perhaps sung, by Witipol, one of the characters.

29, 23. *Patrico*, a gipsy priest.

29, 29. *Fire-drake*, a wandering, meteor-like fire.

32, 15. *Queen of Bohemia*, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia in 1619.

34, 11. *Thetis*, a sea-goddess, daughter of Nereus.

34, 27. *Arion like*. Arion was a famous Greek bard. He was returning from a musical contest in Sicily, laden with prizes and presents, when the sailors planned to kill him and take his treasure. Arion, hearing of this, begged to be allowed to play a last tune on his cithara. His request was granted, and his music so charmed a crowd of dolphins who gathered round the boat that when, at the end of the song, he

threw himself overboard one of them bore him safely home.

34, 30. *Swon'*, sound.

43, 18. *Hock-carts*, decorated farm-wagons used at the country festival of Hock-Tuesday (the second Tuesday after Easter). On this day, according to tradition, the Danes were driven out of England.

43, 23. *Ambergreece*, a perfume.

58, 6. *Chargeable*, blameworthy.

58, 20. *Puisne of the inns of court*, a judge or law officer not of the highest rank.

59, 15. *Pomona*, the goddess who presides over fruit trees.

63. "*A Ballad upon a Wedding*." This poem was written upon the occasion of the marriage of Roger Boyle to Lady Margaret Howard at Northumberland House, Charing Cross, and is, tradition says, addressed to Richard Lovelace.

63, 25. *Do sell our hay*. A market for hay and straw was held in the street now known as the Haymarket, near Charing Cross, from the days of Queen Elizabeth to those of George IV.

68. "*A Toast*." This song probably suggested Sheridan's *Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen* (*The School for Scandal*), with its refrain:

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass.

72, 25. *Airy shell*, the air, which is the home of Echo.

73, 2. *Narcissus*, a beautiful youth who, because he would not return Echo's love for him, was made to fall in love with his own image in a pond; because he could never approach this he pined away and was turned into a flower.

73, 13. *Sabrina*, goddess of the river Severn.

73, 23. *Mace*, trident.

73, 24. *Tethys*, wife of Oceanus.

73, 26. *Carpathian wizard*, Proteus, a seer who lived in the Carpathian gulf and tended the sea-calves.

73, 27. *Triton*, the herald of the sea.

73, 28. *Glaucus*, a fisherman who was changed into a sea-deity, and whom sailors revered as an oracle.

74, 1. *Leucothea*, the white goddess. The name was given to Ino, who flung herself into the sea to escape the anger of her husband, Athamas.

74, 2. *Her son*, Melicertes, god of harbours.

74, 4. *Sirens*. The three Sirens were Parthenope, Ligea, and Leucosia. They were sea-nymphs who had the power of charming with their song all who heard them.

79. "*To Althea*." This song was written from the Gatehouse Prison, Westminster, where Lovelace was confined for seven weeks for taking part in the presentation of a petition to the House of Commons in April 1642 praying them to restore the king to his rights.

82. "*The Wish*." This poem forms the last part of a longer poem called *The Vote*, in the first part of which Cowley disclaims all desire to be rich or powerful, and gives his reasons for not wishing to belong to various specified professions.

83, 25. *Gyges*, King of Lydia, noted for his wealth and splendour.

86. "*Sorrow*." The form of question and answer as in this poem was a very common one during the Caroline period.

86. "*Sic Vita*." This poem is sometimes attributed to Francis Beaumont.

87, 17; 88, 9. *Synod, committee*. The writer is alluding to the methods of government in Church and State of the Presbyterians and Parliamentarians.

90, 1. *Ignis fatuus*, wandering light.

90, 7. *Whiffler*, one who leads a procession and clears the way.

100. "*Coridon's Song*." This song is given at length in Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*.

104, 15. *Lead apes in hell*, the proverbial punishment for old maids, because in this life they escape the trouble of children.

108, 7. *Satyr*, a rural deity, with the feet, legs, and horns of a goat, and a body covered with thick hair.

111, 4. *New Year's Day* 1630. In 1629 Parliament, having passed resolutions against illegal taxation, was dissolved, and did not meet again for eleven years.

112, 5. *Prætor*, the title given to magistrates of the Romans.

112, 7. *The northern victor*, Wentworth, who had lately been made President of the Council of the North, and was ruling that part of the country in the interests of Charles.

112. "*The Royalist*." In 1646 the Scottish gave up King Charles to the Parliamentarians, who imprisoned him.



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